

DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY.

"The Tapestry Weavers."

I.
Let us take to our hearts a lesson—no braver
lesson can be,
From the way of the tapestry-weavers on the
other side of the sea.
Above their heads the pattern hangs, they study
it with care,
The while their fingers deftly move, their eyes
are fastened there.
They tell this curious thing, besides, of the pat-
tern, plodding weaver;
He works on the wrong side evermore, but works
for the right side ever.
It is only when the weaving stops, and the web is
loosed and turned,
That he sees his real handiwork—that his mar-
velous skill has learned.
Ah, the sight of its delicate beauty, how it pays
him for all his cost!
No rarer, daintier work than his was ever done
by the frost.
Then the master bringeth him golden hire, and
giveth him praise as well,
And how happy the heart of the weaver is, no
tongue but his can tell.

II.
The years of man are the looms of God, let
down from the place of the sun,
Wherein we are weaving ever, till the mystic
web is done.
Weaving blindly, but weaving surely, each for
himself his fate;
We may not see how the right side looks, we can
only weave and wait,
But, looking above for the pattern, no weaver
had need to fear.
Only let him look clear into Heaven—the per-
fect Pattern is there.
If he keeps the face of the Saviour forever and
always in sight,
His toil shall be sweeter than honey, his weav-
ing is sure to be right.
And when the work is ended, and the web is
turned and shown,
He shall hear the voice of the Master; it shall
say to him, "Well done."
And the white-winged angels of Heaven, to hear
him thence shall come down;
And God shall give him gold for his hire—not
coin, but a glowing crown!

STORE TELLER.

A RUN FOR LIFE.

A prisoner had escaped from Dart-
moor Prison. During a dense fog,
which had suddenly enveloped a work-
ing convict gang, one of them—a man
notorious for being perhaps the most
desperate character amongst the many
desperate ones there—had contrived
to escape, and, for the present at all
events had eluded capture.
It was not a particularly pleasant
piece of news for us to hear, consider-
ing that we had, attracted by a very
tempting advertisement, taken a
small house for the summer months
not very far distant from the famous
prison itself. We were tired of sea-
side places; it seemed as if we should
enjoy a chance from our everyday
life in London more, if we were in
some quiet secluded spot, far from
uncompromising landladies, crowds
of over-dressed people, and bands of
music. Every day we scanned the
papers, with a view to discovering
something to suit us; and our pa-
tience was at last rewarded by coming
across the following advertisement, to
which I promptly replied: "To be let
for the summer months, a charming
cottage, beautifully situated on the
border of Dartmoor, containing ample
accommodation for a small family, with
every convenience; a good garden and
tennis-lawn; also the use of a pony
and trap, if required; and some choice
poultry. Terms, to a careful tenant,
most moderate. Apply to A. B.,
Post-office, &c."

The answer to my inquiries arrived
in due time, and everything seemed
so thoroughly satisfactory, that I in-
duced my husband to settle upon tak-
ing the place for three months, with-
out a personal inspection of it pre-
viously. The terms were two pounds
ten shillings a week, and that was to
include the use of the pony-trap, the
poultry, and several other advantages
not set forth in the advertisement.
The only drawback—rather a serious
one—was that Mr. Challacombe, to
whom the place belonged, had infor-
med me that it was about three miles
from a station. However, with the
pony-trap always at hand, even that
did not seem an insuperable objection.
He expiated upon the beauty of the
scenery; the perfect air from the hea-
ther-clad moors, and lastly, requested
an early decision from us, as several
other applicants for the Cottage were
already in the field.

To be brief, we agreed to take it;
and on a scorching day in July, our
party—consisting to two maid-ser-
vants, my husband and myself, and our
only olive branch, a most precious little
maiden of three years old—started
from Paddington Station en route for
Exeter, where we were to be routed off
for our final destination, Morleigh
Cottage. The pony-trap was to meet
us; and Mr. Challacombe had promis-

ed that we should find everything as
comfortable as he could possibly ar-
range; and as sundry hampers had
preceded us, I had no fears as to set-
tling down easily as soon as we
should arrive.
The journey to Exeter by an ex-
press train was no mean tedious: we
rather enjoyed it. As our branch
train slowly steamed into the way
side station, we seemed to be the only
passengers who wished to alight; and
presently we found ourselves, with
the exception of a solitary porter, the
sole occupants of the platform. At
one end of it lay a goodly pile of our
luggage, which the said porter had in
a very leisurely manner extracted
from the van.

The pony-trap was to meet us; and
as Mr. Challacombe had assured us
it would not only hold four grown-up
people and a child, but a fair amount
of impedimenta, we were under no
anxiety as to how we were to reach
Morleigh Cottage.

"Is there anything here for us?"
my husband inquired of the porter.
"No, sir; not that I know of."
"From Morleigh Cottage?" Jack ex-
plained.
"No, sir," he repeated. "But
chance it may come yet."
"Chance, indeed," I echoed in a
low tone. "It will be too disgraceful,
Jack, if Mr. Challacombe has
forgotten to desire the carriage to
be sent."

We both proceeded to the other
side of the station, and gazed through
the fast-falling twilight up a narrow
road, down which the porter informed
us the pony-trap was sure to come,
if it was coming at all—which did
not seem probable, after a dreary
half-hour's hopeless waiting for it.

In the meanwhile, we beguiled
the time by asking the porter some lead-
ing questions with regard to the sur-
roundings, &c., of Morleigh Cottage;
all of which he answered with a broad
grin on his sunburnt, healthy face.

"How far is the Cottage from here?"
Jack inquired.
"Better than six miles."
"Six miles!" I exclaimed!—"O
Jack, Mr. Challacombe said it was
about three."

"It's a good step more than that,"
observed the porter, with a decided
nod of his head.

"It is a very pretty place?" I said
interrogatively.
"It isn't bad, for them as likes it,"
was the guarded and somewhat de-
pressing response.

I felt my spirits sink to zero. I had
persuaded Jack to take it; he had sug-
gested that we should go to see it first;
but the advertisement had been so
tempting, and the idea of the other
longing applicants had made me so
keen to secure it, that I felt whatever
it was like, I must make the best of
it, and contrive that Jack at least
should not repent of having been
beguiled by me into, as he expressed
it, taking "a pig in a poke."

"The pony-carriage is sure to
come," I said in a confident way, once
straining my eyes up the deserted
road. As I uttered the word "pony-
carriage" I detected a distinct grin for
the second time on the man's face,
which was presently fully accounted
for by the appearance of our equipage
coming jolting down the deeply rut-
ted road. Imagine a tax-cart of the
shabbiest, dirtiest description, with
bare boards for seats, and the bottom
strewn with straw; the pony, an aged
specimen, shambling along, with a
harness in which coarse pieces of rope
predominated. It was a pony-trap,
with a vengeance.

I could almost have cried when it
drew up, and I saw Jack's critical eye
running over all its shortcomings. And
it was all my fault.
It was too late to recede from our
bargain now; all that we could do was
to bundle into the horrible machine,
and endure as we best could an hour's
martyrdom driving to Morleigh Cot-
tage.

Our groom was a civil boy of about
fifteen, clad in ordinary working
clothes. He managed to sit on the
shaft or somewhere, and to drive us
back, as Jack of course had no idea of
the direction, and, judging from the
solitariness of the scene, we should
not have been wise to depend upon
chance passers-by to direct us.
Arrived at last, we found the Cot-
tage was just a tiny two shades better
than the trap. It was a tiny abode,
as desolately situated as it was possible
to conceive; the only redeeming point
about it being that it was clean.

The next morning, which happened
to be a very wet, misty one, we survey-
ed our garden and domain generally.
The tennis-lawn was spacious enough,
and the garden, to do Mr. Challa-

combe justice, was well stocked; but
the place itself was like the city of the
dead—so silent, so quiet, so lonely.

But as the weather improved, we
got out most of the day, which ren-
dered us very independent of the
small low-roofed rooms. Jack and I
took long walks, and occasionally we
utilized the pony-trap, taking with us
our little Rose and her nurse.

We began to think soon of asking
some of our relations to visit us; and
the first to whom I sent an invitation
was an elderly cousin, who resided in
London, and who was in rather deli-
cate health. I candidly explained the
out-of-the-way nature of the place we
were in, but desecated upon the great
pleasure it would be to have her, and
my entire conviction that the air
would do her an immense amount of
good. She came; and it was very
fortunate for me that she did so, as
about three days after, a telegram
had reached us requesting my husband
to lose no time in returning to town,
in consequence of one of his partners
being taken ill. It was raining when
he left us; and I watched the wretched
shandrydan disappear down the road
with feelings I could scarcely repress
—a sense of foreboding evil seemed to
oppress me. I tried in vain to shake
it off, but only partly succeeded in
doing so. Cousin Susan endeavored
to console me by reminding me con-
stantly that Jack had promised to re-
turn in a day or two.

Jack had just been gone for one
week, when Rose's nurse, a pleasant
girl of about twenty, came to my
room and informed me of the occur-
rence. I have already alluded to—"A
prisoner had escaped."

Nothing could have frightened me
more, and I was afraid it might alarm
Cousin Susan, so I charged Margaret
on no account to let it reach her ears.
Very likely, even now the man was
captured; it was rare, indeed, that a
convict ever escaped; but I had heard
stories of their eluding capture, until,
driven by sheer starvation, they often
surrendered themselves to any stray
passer-by, to whom the reward might
or might not be of some consequence.

That very morning, we had arrang-
ed to drive to rather a distant spot to
get some ferns. I would fain have
deferred the expedition; but Cousin
Susan was already preparing for it, so
I could only have postponed it by
giving my reasons; and the chance of
encountering the convict seemed too
small to risk terrifying her by telling
her of it all.

It was a lovely morning when we
started, and Cousin Susan became
quite enthusiastic over the "frowning
tors and wind-swept moors."
"Don't you admire them, Helen,"
she said.

"They are very grand," I admitted.
"Oh, so lovely, so wild!" said Susan.
I was glad she liked them.
The ferns were to be found in a
sort of ravine, which was reached by
a narrow lane; on one side was a
streamlet, now nearly dry, but one
which the winter rains soon trans-
formed into a torrent; on the other
side was a wood, composed principal-
ly of stunted oak-trees, with hardly
any foliage, and singularly small;
but all round the trees was a thick
sort of underwood.

We had left Tom the stable-boy with
the trap by the roadside, and I had
privately resolved not to let my cousin
penetrate farther into the ravine than
I could help; but she was so charmed
with its wealth of rare ferns, that she
skipped from one point to another
with an amount of dexterity and nim-
bleness I had never before given her
credit for.

"I do think we might collect quite
a hamperful!" Helen! she said, kneel-
ing down as she spoke to dig up a root
most energetically.

"We had better come another day,
then," I responded. "I don't want to
be late of getting back, so, if you do
not mind just taking a few specimens—
when Jack is with us we can come again."

"Now or never!" gaily rejoined my
cousin, little imagining how soon her
own words were to be applicable to
ourselves. She pounced joyfully upon
her ferns, and had collected quite a
small heap, when I suggested that we
had better tell Tom to tie the pony to
a gate, and come up to carry them
down for her.

"O no!" said Cousin Susan. "I
will carry them myself. Do help me
here just a minute, Helen."
By this time we were some distance
up the ravine; the walk was narrow
and winding; we had gone farther
than ever I had intended. I bent
down to give the assistance she want-
ed in raising up some lively lichen

from the trunk of a dead tree. As I
did so, my eyes wandered some dis-
tance from where we were standing
toward a fallen tree. I fancied—per-
haps it was only fancy—I knew I was
in a very nervous state, and apt to
imagine, but I fancied I saw a move-
ment just beyond the tree—it was
within twenty paces of us. I felt my
face grow icy cold; my veins seemed
chilling; for a moment I feared I was
going to faint. Death must be some-
thing like what I felt on that sunny
day in August when I stood in the
Devonshire ravine with my uncon-
scious cousin. I looked again.
There it was more distinctly visible
than ever—a line of drab colored
clothing, and presently a side view of
the most villainous looking counten-
ance it was ever my fortune to behold.
If I could, without alarming her, get
my cousin to retrace her steps about
ten yards, we should have turned a
corner, and then I could tell her
enough to hurry her onward. I knew
she was nervous—more so, perhaps,
than myself; but I knew we were in
imminent peril while in such close
proximity to this desperate and, from
his every escape, doubly desperate
man.

"Susan," I said—my voice seemed
so hard and dry and strange!—"you
have passed all the best ferns here."
"O no; I haven't," said Susan
joyously, approaching two steps
nearer the crouching convict.

"Am I to throw these away?" I
continued, holding out one of her
best specimens, and as carelessly and
indifferently as I could, moving one,
two, three steps nearer the corner.

"No; of course not," she exclaimed,
hurrying toward me now. "Why,
Helen, what are you thinking of?"

I moved a few more steps on; and
in a few more, Susan and I would
both be out of sight of that fallen
tree.

"There is a much better one here,"
I said, keeping my face well averted,
for I felt if she looked at me she
would see its ashy paleness.

"Where?" she asked. "Wait a
minute, and I'll come for it." To my
horror, she retracted her steps toward
her heap of ferns, and carefully count-
ed them, while I waited in a state of
terror words cannot describe. But
she came at last, and I tottered
with her around the fateful corner.

"Don't be frightened, I said; but
come quickly; ask no questions. Do
as I tell you, Susan."

She paused, affrighted. Good gra-
tious, Helen, have you seen a wild
beast?

"Worse," I murmured. Don't run,
but lose no time."
I ventured to glance behind. No-
thing was visible; but every moment
was precious; we must reach the
pony-trap and Tom. Once all to-
gether, the convict would surely not
venture to attack us, and I knew that
being on the high-road, alone would
in itself insure our safety. But we
had not reached it yet; a long rough
narrow path had to be traversed. If the
man suspected we had seen him, no-
thing would be easier than for him to
overtake us and make short work of
us. I thought of Jack, of Rose, of my
happy life. Everything seemed to
float through my mind as I half led,
half dragged Susan after me. We had
gone perhaps a shade more than half
way, when I once more turned round,
in the distance, on the path over which
we had just passed. To my unutter-
able consternation, I beheld the convict
hurrying toward us.

"Run, Susan! I parted—"run for
your life!"

Another twist in the road hid us
momentarily from his sight; but I
knew he was after us, running now
as fast as, or perhaps a good deal fas-
ter than we were, though we were now
both of us flying along at a pace
which only the peril we were in could
enable us to sustain.

"For your life!" I repeated. "Run,
Susan!"

I held her hand. Narrow as was the
path, we managed to struggle onwards
together and to keep ahead of our pur-
suer. Mercifully, we had had a good
start; and it had only been on second
thoughts, some minutes after we had
disappeared, that the man had elected
to follow us. I felt if I once let Su-
san's hand go, she would be lost. She
stumbled, and once she nearly fell;
but she recovered herself well, and
though panting terribly, showed no
signs of succumbing.

But he was overtaking us; I heard
him coming faster and faster, nearer.
I heard him breathing behind us, and
I felt another instant and he would be
upon us.

"Help!" I shrieked.

"Help!" echoed poor, exhausted
Susan, in a still shriller treble.

I heard an oath, awful in its pro-
fanity, hurled at us; but the steps
seemed to pause.

"Help! help!" I shrieked again.

We plunged forward. I heard as in
the distance the sound of horses' feet
galloping towards us. Another mo-
ment and we were on the high-road;
Susan speechless, her dress half torn
off her with our terrible race, her hat
gone, and otherwise in a dishevelled
condition; I feeling faint and sick—
but safe—thank God! both of us quite
safe—with not only Tom, seated in
the shandrydan, staring in mute
amazement at us, but with three stal-
wart mounted warders, who were even
then in quest of the convict.

They captured him an hour after-
wards, after a terrific struggle, which
was made all the more terrible from
the fact of his having possessed him-
self of a knife, with which he attempt-
ed to stab the warders.

Jack came back the next day; and
as his partner's illness had assumed
rather a serious aspect, he told me we
must give up Morleigh Cottage, and
we could finish our holiday at East-
bourne or some place nearer town.

"I never could leave you here again,
my darling," he said; "after such an
escape, I can't risk another." So we
all, Cousin Susan included, returned
to our cosy house in Seymour Street,
and afterwards proceeded to the sea-
side, where in due time Susan and I
both fully recovered from the shock
we had received in that Devonshire
ravine.

Prepare For December 4th.

The Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes
will have a ball on December 4th, 1884,
at Masonic Temple, Corner Grand
street and Seventh street, Brooklyn,
E. D. Tickets admitting gentleman
and lady, 50 cents. Single ladies' tic-
kets, 25 cents. The Society's birth-
day is on December 4th; Dr. I. L.
Peet's birthday is on December 4th;
and the Fanwood School was removed
from its old site at Fifth street to
its present site on December 4th, 1856.
A combination and a few attractions
will be added to the programme. R.
E. Sause will furnish the music. Sup-
per will be served at 50 cents and
\$1.00 each. Take Greenpoint ferry,
then horse car to Grand street and
you will find the hall; take Houston
street ferry or Grand street ferry, and
you will reach Grand street and then
find the hall. Take Fulton Ferry
and then horse car to Grand street,
and you find the hall. Horse cars
pass the hall all night for New York.

For further particulars see pro-
gramme out soon; or address the
Chairman at the NATIONAL DEAF-
MUTE LEADER Office, No. 151 Con-
suey Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

W. A. BOND, Chairman, } Committee
JACOB SWARTZ, } of Arrangements.
WM. D. FAYE, }

W. A. BOND, Esq., CHAIRMAN, ETC.:
DEAF MUTE.—It gives me great pleasure
to accept your polite invitation to attend the
celebration of the first anniversary of the
organization of the Brooklyn Society of Deaf-
Mutes on the 4th of December, 1884.

To meet the many graduates of the Institution,
who will be present on that occasion would be,
in itself, a source of great gratification, but
added to their personal recognition of myself
as their affection to their Alma Mater by commemo-
rating, at the same time, the removal of her seat
to Washington Heights on the 4th of December,
1856, and their personal recognition of myself
as their lifelong friend, on the recurrence of
the day of my birth on the 4th of December, 1824,
I could not forego the opportunity you afford me
if I would, and I would not if I could. Thank-
ing you for the courtesy and kindness which have
prompted your action and that of those you
represent, I am,
Very truly and respectfully yours,
ISAAC LEWIS PEET.

Address by President W. G. Pownall on "The
Brooklyn Society."

Address by Dr. Isaac Lewis Peet on "The Deaf
and Dumb Institution."

Address by Dr. Thomas H. Gallaudet on "Dr.
Peet's Birthday."

Address by Rev. John Chamberlain on "The
Guild of Silent Workers."

Address by Dr. Rev. Anson T. Colt on "St.
Anthony's Church, New York."

Address by Mr. E. A. Hodgson on "The Deaf-
mute Press."

Address by Thos. F. Fox on "The Fanwood
Literary Association."

Mr. A. A. Barnes will speak on "The Gal-
landet Club."

Address by Presidents of mute societies who are
present.

It is the determination of the Committee to
allow only one hour for the speeches and in
order to save the time the speakers are expected
to use very brief remarks.

Prof. Isaac T. Bruce will act as Floor Man-
ager.

Dr. Peet has never been made the recipient of
any gift from the mute graduates, and the Com-
mittee has requested several gentlemen to act as
a committee to collect sufficient money to pur-
chase an elegant present and give their love for
Dr. Peet by presenting it to him on the 4th, of
December.

A door is sometimes a jar, and an
earthquake always is.

FANWOOD.

Celebrating the Anniversary of
Dr. H. P. Peet's Birth.

A PLEASANT VISIT FROM MR. AL-
BERT BALLIN.

November Jots.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

Wednesday, the 19th inst., was the
Anniversary of the birthday of Dr.
Harvey Prindle Peet LL.D., the
"father" of the New York Institution.
The anniversary was celebrated in the
customary manner in the chapel, the
teachers taking turns in impressing
upon the pupils and bringing back re-
collections of the eventful and useful
career of their great benefactor. The
afternoon was a holiday to them, and
in spite of the white covering of snow
which appeared in the morning as if
in his honor, and returned to water
again under the influence of the drizz-
ly rain in the afternoon, the Hare
and Hounds Club, which was composed
of the most active and rapid sprinters,
drew up in a line in elegant uniform at
2 p.m., and after the hares were al-
lowed ten minutes start, the hounds, by
a signal, darted off in pursuit. About an
hour and a half after, the hounds were
seen returning with spirits at zero and
as melancholy as a hedge fence. They
had not caught the hares, or did they
intend to, on account, as they say, of
the rainy and disagreeable state of
the weather, and gave up the chase
when Kingsbridge was reached. The
hares, on the contrary, returned before
dark with a placid smile on their faces.
However disappointed they were, both
the hares and hounds were seen mak-
ing oyster soup into their mouths with
a look of happiness.

William and David Willets, two
mute brothers and graduates of Fan-
wood, remained a few minutes at the
Institution last Thursday.

Mr. James Thorne, of St. Andrews,
N. Y., stayed a few days with Su-
pervisor Howell last week.

George Fisher's eyes sparkled with
happiness as he told his schoolmates
about seeing the James Brothers on
Wednesday last.

James W. Nash, of Riegelsville, Pa.,
made us feel the strength of his iron
muscles last Friday. He is still at the
iron works, and says he will bid adieu
to bachelorhood very soon. A Miss
Harper, of Hartford, Ct., is the cap-
tive. Mr. Riegel accompanied him.

Miss Prudence Lewis, our Assistant
Matron, received innumerable shakes
of the hand, and an equal number
of hearty good wishes, last Friday, the
event of her birthday.

Many of the pupils went home
Thanksgiving week, and Supervisor
Howell and his subjects have been
very busy in their preparations for the
customary decorations, which are of
no end in their variations.

Nightwatch Gerloff was obliged to
absent himself from his usual post
for several days last week, on account
of the death of his sister in Greenpoint,
L. I. Messrs. Fosmire and Weller
took turns in watching until he returned.

Mr. Albert Ballin, who accumulated
fame and innumerable friends during
his three years' sojourn in Europe as
an Artist, did not forget to make his
Alma Mater a visit on setting foot on
his native soil.

Anthony Capelli was also down
Saturday last, and left behind him a
large bill-poster of the Catholic Liter-
ary and Benevolent Union's Amateur
Entertainment at St. Xavier's this
evening, (Thursday.)

The mother of Miss Richter witness-
ed her daughter sign one of the Sun-
day Hymns in concert at the chapel
exercises last Sabbath.

Little Bessie, daughter of Dr. and
Mrs. Peet, kept company with Miss
Ida Montgomery for a day or two last
week.

Last Saturday afternoon, the day
being fair, the boys got up "two Hare
and Hounds Clubs, and started off on a
chase in their bright and attractive
uniforms, but to their disappointment
and dismay, the hounds got lost on
four trails, one of which they closed
up on a hearing club. They were un-
successful in catching the hares, and
returned several hours after the hares
did.

Prof. Jones, took up the thread of
his narrative in the chapel last Sat-
urday evening before over three-fourths
of those connected with the Institu-
tion, after having cut his story off

where the most interesting part was
reached, and concluded it at about
nine.

The Board of Directors, have ap-
pointed Dr. Frederick C. Riley, of 105
Madison Ave., as visiting physician, to
attend cases of disease of the eye and
ear. Dr. Riley made his first pro-
fessional call November 18th, and
examined a large number of cases.

Mr. John C. Miller gave a rare
literary treat to the members of the
Peet Literary Society at their regular
meeting in the High Class Office last
Friday evening, in the shape of an
essay on "Napoleon Bonaparte."

John Lloyd, Jr., and Mr. Lonegrin,
the deaf-mute who gives frequent box-
ing and sparring exhibitions with Mr.
Reilly, also another mute graduate of
the 44th Street Institution, at Daly's
sporting house in the city, enjoyed a
few hours at the Institution last Sat-
urday.

There have been more visits from
the *Alumni* of Fanwood the past week
than for sometime. It gives us pleas-
ure to report the robust form and
jolly smile of Nye Brown, of Syracuse,
N. Y., in addition to those already
mentioned. He held an important
position in the once invincible and
glorious Hudson Base Ball Club.

Peter Gloscoe went fishing one
evening last week, at his home in
Yonkers, N. Y., and caught 100 fishes.

Mr. Charles W. Stowell, of Buffalo,
N. Y., who has been ill since he left
the Institution as Supervisor, and
has been under careful treatment, and
says he is feeling much better.

Mr. Brainerd astonished us on
Tuesday by exhibiting a monster car-
rot and a beet of still greater propor-
tions, which had been raised on the
institution farm at Tarrytown. The
carrot was twenty-three inches in
length and weighed six and one-half
pounds. The beet confessed to the
modest proportions of thirty inches in
circumference and tipped the balance
at twelve pounds. How is this for
farming? Let some of our sister In-
stitutions speak up.

Prof. E. H. Carrier is having re-
markable success in his investigations
concerning the degree of deafness in
different pupils. He has already dis-
covered fifty that can be taught orally
with the aid of a flexible hearing trum-
pet. Some of them can understand
spoken words and are able to hold an
ordinary conversation with the aid of
acoustic apparatus, while others are
able to distinguish differences of tone
that holds out promise of improve-
ment by educating the ear. Mr. Car-
rier is much elated over the inestima-
ble boon his researches will probably
confer upon many who might other-
wise be doomed to live a life of sil-
ence.

Mr. W. S. Crittenden will spend
Thanksgiving in Hartford, Conn.
AQUILA.

MAKE \$20.00 FOR CHRISTMAS.

The publishers of *Rutledge's Month-
ly* offer twelve rewards in their *Month-
ly* for December, among which is the
following:

We will give \$20.00 to the person
telling us which is the middle verse of
the New Testament Scriptures (not the
Revised Edition) by December 10th,
1884. Should two or more correct
answers be received, the REWARD will
be divided. The money will be for-
warded to the winner December 15th,
1884. Person trying for the reward
must send 20 cents in silver (no post-
age stamps taken) with their answer,
for which they will receive the *Janu-
ary Monthly*, in which the name and
address of the winner of the reward
and the correct answer will be pub-<

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 1623 Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS:

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Clubs of ten, 12.00
If not paid within six months, 2.50

These prices are invariable. Remit by post-office money order, or by registered letter.

Terms, cash in advance.

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Contributions, Subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the
DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M, New York City.

Rules of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

A FINE opportunity is presented for deaf-mutes to display their ability and talent to the public, at the New Orleans Exposition, which opens next month. Articles will be transported free, and placed in the department especially reserved for exhibits relating to the deaf and dumb. Every deaf-mute should send something—the greater the number and variety of articles, the better. A pair of fine hand made shoes, a cabinet or writing desk, a suit of finely cut and neatly sewed clothes, specimens of typewriting, such as cards, bill heads, letter heads, table-work, etc., would add immensely to the interest of the deaf-mute department. Each article or series of articles should have the name of the sender, at what institution educated, and where residing at the present time. The mute farmers might send some of their big pumpkins, monster radishes, etc. Last, but not by any means least, the deaf-mute artists could send drawings and paintings that would have a beneficial effect not only upon deaf-mutes as a class, but also upon the individual exhibitors, and might bring them fame, patronage and an unlimited supply of dollars. We hope the deaf-mutes everywhere will rouse themselves to the importance of making a good showing. It is not necessary for anyone to send a car load of exhibits; the aggregate of articles from different individuals is the main thing. Those who decide to take part in the Exposition, should address Mr. J. R. Dobyns, Supt. of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, at Jackson, Miss., who is acting in behalf of the deaf and dumb, by the authority of a resolution adopted at the Conference of Principals, held at Faribault, Minn., last summer.

If there is any class of human beings on this earth that to-day has reason to thank God for his mercies and blessings, that class is the deaf and dumb. From out of the darkness that enveloped them a century ago, has sprung the light of knowledge which has been placed within the reach of all of the deaf and dumb. There is no longer any question as to whether it is advisable to make an effort to teach deaf-mutes, their ability to acquire an education is no longer contested, and now the great question of the day is not whether time and money shall be spent upon their education, but whether the methods which have hitherto been so successfully pursued can not be improved or made more potent. Once scorned and neglected, and even persecuted, the deaf-mute of to-day is accorded the same rights and privileges with his hearing brethren, is respected according to his abilities and usefulness, and is made an equal sharer with his more fortunate fellows in all that affects his country's prosperity and honor.

We have received many congratulatory letters concerning the enterprise manifested by the JOURNAL in publishing a sketch of the life of Mr. Jacques Loew along with that gentleman's portrait. We are glad our efforts are appreciated, and hope to do more in the same direction ere long. There are scores of mutes in America, whose biographies are well worth publishing. Whenever it is possible we will give one of these biographical sketches, with an engraving of the individual. It will require money to do this, and we depend upon the support of the deaf-mutes to enable us carry our plans into execution. The more subscribers we receive, the greater will be the benefit to our readers. A very neat and acceptable Christmas present to the editor would be to send ONE NEW SUBSCRIBER.

ITEMIZER.

FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

News From Every State in the Union.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

Ed. I. Holycross is now working on the *Daily Democrat*, Dayton, O.

Miss Edie A. Hithcock, of Flint, Mich., enjoys herself nowadays driving around the city with her father's horse.

Mrs. Sarah R. Jones, of the Michigan Institution has almost recovered from the injuries caused by falling down stairs.

A deaf-mute, who is thought to be Mr. Strong, stops at Englewood Hotel, Perth Amboy. He is often seen in that town on a Star Bicycle.

Mr. J. F. J. Trench, the New York deaf-mute artist, received a complimentary letter from Hon. William B. Grace, the Mayor-elect, a week ago.

There are two pupils attending the New Jersey School from Middletown County, N. J., one of them, Miss Annie Fullerton, lives in or near Perth Amboy.

Mrs. Sallie McLeod Holland, a former pupil of the Georgia Institution, died on the 22d of last October, and was buried in Grove Level, Bank Co., Ga., on the 23d of that month.

Mr. I. N. Spoor will spend Thanksgiving Day with his brother-in-law, Mr. Gorham D. Abbott, at his cozy home in Yaphank, L. I. From what we know of Gorham, we are sure he will be treated royally.

Mr. Johnson, the driver of the omnibus, says that he did not see Mrs. Foley until one of his horses began to get frisky, because of her lying under the animal. He keenly regrets the unfortunate affair, and thinks no responsibility attaches to him. The dog, which indirectly caused Mrs. Foley's death, was still missing at latest accounts—*Chronicle and News, Alton, Nov. 19.*

Samuel W. McClelland was in Harlem, N. Y., last Sunday, and it is said he sat upon a chair twenty-seven years old. The venerable article found the Mountain View, N. J., gallant rider the morning of December 25th. About seven or eight invitations will shortly be issued to the "favored few," and it is expected that the affair will be the most enjoyable of its kind which has taken place in the vicinity.

On Sunday for the past two or three weeks, those mute who have attended the afternoon service at St. Ann's have been favored with unusually good and forcible sermons by the Rev. John Chamberlain, who warned them of the various dangers which beset the path of humanity; of hasty and ill considered marriages; he asked all to be as charitable as their means would allow; of the habit which certain mutes have of remaining away from church, for various purposes, instead of attending the services and thus encouraging the clergy in their good work. There can be no doubt but that Mr. Chamberlain is the friend of our class, and his freedom in mentioning the wrongs which certain of them are guilty of has made him many warm friends and admirers. All honor to the reverend gentleman. May he long continue in the good work in which he is now engaged.

The New York Herald Tribune Post, of 22d inst., says that "the eminently celebrated director of the school for the deaf-mutes at Hildesheim, Hanover, Mr. C. Rosekrantz, was upon reception of the Imperial State Attorney at Osnabrück, arrested and accused of having taken immoral liberties with deaf-mute pupils trusted to his care and instruction, while in his position as Principal of the deaf-mute school at Osnabrück, six or seven years ago. He enjoyed an universal respect among the community of Hildesheim, and this occurrence calls forth the more sympathy, for Rosekrantz is an authority in the sphere of the deaf-mute education, and had distinguished himself highly for his excellent methods."

Fatal Accident.

MRS. FOLEY, OF SHAMPOCK, DIES FROM INJURIES RECEIVED NEAR THE EAST PENN JUNCTION.

An accident attended with fatal result occurred near the East Penn. Junction about noon yesterday. The victim is Mrs. Amanda Foley, a deaf and dumb woman residing at Shamrock, Berks county. She arrived with the 11:45 A. M. train and started to walk up town. She was accompanied by a little dog, concerning which she seemed to be very solicitous and which was evidently scared by the commotion at the depot. Just before she reached the county bridge, close to the railroad bridge near the Junction, she mislaid the dog and started to search for it. In her eagerness to recover her pet, she did not see the approach of an omnibus driven by John Johnson and started to run across the street. Being a mute she did not hear the omnibus, and a number of cars standing on the track near by obstructed her sight of the surroundings. Other people were passing at the same time, and while the driver, Johnson, was on the lookout for them, Mrs. Foley ran against the horses and was knocked down. The horses were promptly stopped, but not before one of them had stepped on the lady. The omnibus wheels did not pass over her body, but it appears that she was struck by the step of the vehicle and knocked under the body. Several men quickly ran to her aid and they started to take her to a physician. She did not at first appear to be seriously hurt and was able to walk. Mrs. Foley got up town as far as the Allen House, when she started to return to the depot. On the way she was noticed to stagger and rest several times. Her condition was noticed and she was driven to the Junction and laid on a cot. Dr. Thomas T. Martin was then summoned, and an examination revealed the fact that one or more ribs were fractured and that she was otherwise severely injured internally. The unfortunate lady lay in blood, and gave other evidences that her injuries were of a serious nature. She was taken home on the 4:30 train last evening and gradually grew worse until seven o'clock, when death ensued. The deceased was about thirty-seven years of age.

Louis Riger, of New Haven, Ct., denies that he is a German Jew, as was recently stated by a correspondent. He was born in New Haven. He also says that he is not engaged to a certain lady in Brooklyn, as it was broken off.

Baltimore, Md.

Mr. Editor:—A full description may appear in the JOURNAL of the party to be presented to Mr. George W. Veditz after he delivers his lecture on Thanksgiving night, by the Peabody Literary Club next week. At the meeting on Wednesday, Mr. Underwood was appointed chairman, and Edward Ramsay and Henry J. Gill committee on arrangements.

Mr. Wells was allowed to be honorably discharged from the club, owing to so many conflicting engagements, which befall him, especially the care of his little daughter. The vote resulted as follows: 6 in favor and 2 not in favor, but this being 2 of a vote, as was adopted by the club, proved sufficient to permit the resignation to take place.

Mr. Edward Ramsay and other Baltimore boys, who used to be intimate friends of Charles Schlipf, while a resident of this city, would be very thankful to any one if they can let them know through this interesting paper his address.

When Senator Gorman, of the Democratic National Committee, reached this city from New York, he was received by a very flattering welcome. In the line, it is stated that three or four thousand men marched to the depot to escort him to Barnum's Hotel, and on reaching the place, he made a short speech on the portico, amid cheers and great enthusiasm. After this was over, the crowd disbanded.

Mr. Knoechel thinks of going to Washington, either to visit his friend or to attend the Maquerade Ball to be given Thanksgiving night at the Deaf-Mute college.

I hope some talk in this letter about Thanksgiving will not mar the pleasure of its readers. The JOURNAL must go to Press Wednesday or Thursday, then the distribution through mail on the latter day's afternoon, will contain probably some talk like mine, and its numerous readers will be compelled to wait till its next issue springs out. Then they will be really satisfied.

SECY PEABODY L. C.

Nov. 20, '94.

ORANGE, N. J.

Prof. W. G. Jones drew a large attendance at the New Jersey Society rooms last Thursday evening, taking the Newark mutes by storm with his interesting lecture, a vote of thanks was moved and given with a will. Rev. Anson T. Colt attended the lecture. Frank C. Lennox, the funniest mute in town, attended the lecture for the first time, after being absent for several months.

Misses Mary L. Bennett and Lizzie L. Hewlings say they had a good time in Newark for several days, visiting mute friends and attending the lecture of Prof. W. G. Jones. Miss Mary L. Bennett is spending several days, visiting her sister in the city.

Mrs. John Ackley will go to Stonyville, N. Y., after Thanksgiving.

Ira Williams, the oldest deaf and dumb man in the State, says he will visit Northfield soon.

Charles Lawrence was seen on horseback going over the Orange Mountain last week.

Jacob Gottheimer is the wealthiest mute member of the New Jersey Society.

George H. W. Vanness has steady work in one of our large shoe manufacturing factories.

The members of the New Jersey Mute Society are undecided what to have this year—a Ball, or Dramatic Entertainment.

"Orange Blossoms" think a Ball would be much better.

Mr. James Noe has his large pear on exhibition among his deaf-mute friends.

It is reported that A. Lester Pach will attend the New Jersey Society in December.

Thomas R. Stewart is doing much good in religious work among his deaf-mute friends.

It is reported that Miss Augusta Halin, one of the best educated mute ladies in Newark, will soon become a member of the Society, also Miss Rose Bonsewick.

Miss Grace Mills called on Miss Lizzie Crane last week.

Wm. H. Caldwell, one of our well known wood carvers, has steady work in New York.

Several of our married mutes have turkey on hand to be fattened for Thanksgiving.

Henry Buhler attended the New Jersey Society for the first time last week. He says he was highly pleased with the lecture, but did not admire an intoxicated member who was making much noise behind him.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

NOTICE.

Rev. Mr. Chamberlain is expected to conduct a service for Deaf Mutes in the chapel of St. Ann's Church, corner of Clinton and Livingston Streets, Brooklyn, on Sunday, November 30th, at 3 P. M.

Service in the signs will held (D. V.) in St. Andrew's Church, 127th Street, near Fourth Avenue, on Sunday, November 30th, at 3 P. M. Rev. Anson T. Colt officiating. It is hoped that each reader of the JOURNAL residing in Harlem or vicinity will inform their friends, and consider it their personal duty and pleasure to attend this service.

PHILADELPHIA.

It is agreed pleasure to say that Mr. Joshua Foster, who recently resigned as principal of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, donated to the Institution a beautiful library of about 200 volumes, comprising English and American classics, and a large number of excellently bound reference works and sets of *Harper's Monthly Magazine*. The handsome thing was followed *en suite* by a donation of a large lot of valuable and much appreciated volumes from Prof. Benjamin Dean Pettigill, who also retired from the Institution. Messrs J. Foster and B. D. Pettigill have been the closest friends of deaf-mutes for many years. Mr. Foster had been of great service to the Philadelphia Institution for 45 years, and Mr. Pettigill for 44 years. The oil portrait of Mr. Joshua Foster has just been finished and was hung in the reception room of the Institution. It is a very fine. Your reporter was late in making his appearance at the Clero Literary Hall. The Literary Entertainment billed for last Tuesday eve was less successful than the members expected. There were few people in attendance, and only two ladies. The address by the Vice-President in reference to the usefulness of the Literary Entertainment, and a Declaration, by Geo. Slifer, made a favorable impression on the audience. A dialogue ensued between Geo. Slifer and McDunnell, and they retired amid great applause of the mutes in attendance. Humorous stories were told by Messrs. Slifer, Callingsworth, Houston and Jack Young. The last named gentleman related many humorous stories. The fact is, he is a great reader. He has few equals in this city.

The chairman of the Levee committee has notified us to the effect that the price of admission will be 50 cents, gentlemen and lady. A lady's ticket will be 25 cents. The Clero Literary Association approved the plan of combining the Levee with the masquerade ball. Prof. J. P. Walker, one of the teachers, is selected to act as master of ceremonies. We hope that the mutes living outside of this city will come help and swell the attendance at the masquerade ball. We are told that three students from the college will be on hand. Messrs. Wm. H. Lepitt, Mr. Lyons, the famous player of the foot ball team, and another student.

At the regular meeting of the Clero Literary Association, the following resolution was adopted: *Resolved*, That deaf ladies residing in Philadelphia and neighborhood may be admitted by the executive committee to use the library, under such rules and on such payment as the executive committee may think proper; provided that no lady be allowed to lend a book to a person who is eligible to membership.

Resolved, That all money received from the use of the library, and also fines in connection with the library, be and it hereby is appropriated to the library. Ten years ago, in a pont, Miss Oliva Jenkins refused to speak to her father, however living with him in the same house ever since. She has never spoken to him, acting at the table and elsewhere like one dumb. She would not speak to any body even while he within hearing. She was frequently remonstrated with, but she explained that in his presence she was really dumb and could not by any effort use her tongue until he went out of sight. She died on Tuesday night, without opening her lips to him.

As our City Hall building approaches something like completion, our citizens grow more proud of the gigantic pile, and in a few years they will be able to strain their necks looking at the big tower. One of the stairways is finished and cost about \$100,000, and the others will cost that or little more, but they are not likely to be much used as there will be eight large elevators provided to take people up and down. When finished, they will be the finest and most expensive stairways in the United States if not in the world, and will be an ornament to Philadelphia.

Mr. B. R. Allabough and Prof. Walker delivered their great lectures before the Clero Literary Association. Their subjects were "The Pyramids of Egypt," and "China and her Customs," respectively.

Prof. Hitchcock, of the Deaf and Dumb Institution, is expected to give good lectures to the society members and their friends in a short time.

The Lithographic pictures of the Deaf and Dumb Institution belonging to H. P. Arms & Co., are selling like hot cakes.

An impostor by the name of William Clark, who was at the door of Mr. F. P. Zell, of Manyunk, Pa., gave a note to his mother stating that he was deaf and dumb and wanted some money to help him to go to a certain town. Finding out he was an impostor, Mr. Zell bravely rolled up his sleeves and was about to pulverize the impostor into jelly despite the law, but the impostor squealed away as fast as his legs could carry him. A week after, Mr. Zell, while riding in a wagon, saw the same impostor walking past. He shouted to him, and the impostor turned around and made insulting signs at Mr. Zell.

It is with regret we chronicle the sad news of the death of Mrs. Rocap's mother. She died peacefully last month at the age of eighty-five years. Mrs. Rocap had been with her affectionately as well as faithfully for many years. Mrs. Rocap's brother is one of the firm of the well known Baldwin Locomotive Works. He is a million-

aire. They have our heavy heartfelt sympathy in their sad bereavement.

The Theatrical Entertainment under the management of Mr. R. M. Zoigler and Miss Julia Foley will be given to the pupils of both sexes, and their friends at the Institution on Thanksgiving evening.

A masquerade party was given by the pupils of both sexes last Hallow Eve. The facts is that they behaved admirably. We wish we could describe it, but we were rather late in arriving there. "Violet," What is the matter that you did not write it for the JOURNAL? you should have written it long ago.

Mr. John R. Lewis, who contemplated throwing the dust of this city, has decided that he will go to the wicked city of Chicago as soon as he can. I fear that he will be burned to a crisp some day, when the fire catches the city by the second kick of a cow.

Miss Bick, a deaf-mute lady who used to do the domestic work for Miss Sallie A. Graham, a few years ago, was coming from the house where she was visiting her friends in the dark night within about two hundred yards of her house, she was thrown down by an omnibus. She was immediately carried home, where she died in five hours. The relatives have our sympathy.

We are in a receipt of the kind invitation to attend the birthday party in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew J. Carlin, on Saturday next at eight o'clock. He is the brother of Mr. John Carlin, the great artist, of New York.

The Columbus correspondent will please let me know whether Mr. Dandon got my package or not through the medium of the paper.

Mr. Spry.

PHILA, 23-11-84.

Rhode Island Items.

On Saturday evening, Nov. 22d, Patrick McElroy, a very intelligent semi-mute, delivered the first lecture of the season in the Providence Deaf-Mute Society's hall. His subject was "Lafayette." His hearers were much pleased with his delivery. An hour allotted to him had passed, but he wished to go on because of the close attention of the mutes he received. But they were made glad over the announcement that he will finish the remainder of his subject some other week. He was applauded to the echo. He was a classmate of Prof. Hotchkiss of the National College. The readers of the JOURNAL can imagine the amount of brains possessed by several Rhode Island mutes, when they find that four of them were classmates of Prof. Hotchkiss, two of Prof. Draper, and others of Prof. Dennison. Well, to the business again. Miss Mary McKay made a few words of farewell. She said it was too hard of her to leave little Rhody, but she would have to. She will leave for Detroit, Mich., after Thanksgiving, to live with her brother, who is superintendent of a "Blower Co." in that city. "Old Granny" and the writer nearly cried, but hope the talented lady will find many intelligent mutes in Detroit.

Mr. Parsons, of Williamstown, Conn., now stopping in Providence, will lecture on December 6th.

John F. Donnelly was honored with an invitation to make the first lecture, but declined, owing to engagements. Mrs. Whipple M. Follett has sent two paintings on satin to the New Orleans exposition through the Western Society.

Many congratulations to you for your admirable enterprise as shown in last week's JOURNAL. Mr. Loew's picture was instantly recognized by several mutes who had seen him. They found much pleasure in reading about his life.

Joseph H. Donnelly will spend Thanksgiving Day at Boston with his old classmates, John F. Donnelly at Fall River, and Oscar Kinsman with Mr. Tillinghast.

Mr. and Mrs. Dupres, French-Canadian mutes, have moved to New Bedford, Mass., to work in a mill. Michael J. O'Neil, of Phenix, has left, and is reported to be in Williamstown, Conn.

Several mutes discredited the rumor that Mr. Tillinghast has accepted an invitation to go West.

Mrs. W. A. Jackson, of Attleboro, Mass., was seen shopping in Providence last Saturday.

Peter Wiswell, of West Medway, Mass., has started a shoe-repairing shop in Providence. His wife and children will live with him.

Oscar Kinsman talked to the mutes, Sunday afternoon, about the building of Solomon's temple.

From "Queen City of the East."

DEAR SIR:—Mr. John Dixon, the mute graduate of Halifax, N. S., married Ella Colley, a graduate of the Hartford School, last June. They live in Portland, Me. Mr. Dixon is a carriage painter.

Mr. Edson Kinney, of Houlton, Me., who graduated from the school, in Hartford, Conn., nearly eight years ago, is a house carpenter. Every one speaks well of him in Houlton, Me., because he is always steady. The lazy mutes had better follow his example.

Fred Robinson, who got a job in the factory in Waterville, Me., a long time ago, was seen loafing in the railroad depot at the same place. He is not a respectable man. He always sneaks around the saloons.

Miss Frost, of Venzie, Me., about 3 miles from Bangor, who has been one of the pupils at Hartford Conn., was seen driving a team with her mother in the city of Bangor, a short time ago. She is out of mind, and does not re-

cognize any of her classmates and schoolmates.

Mr. Aaron Berry, of Newport, Me., had been to Bangor, Me., some weeks ago to visit his friends for a few days. He owns a nice farm.

Elias Starrett, the brakeman on the Maine Central Railroad, in the night, stumbled over the platform in the depot at Bangor, Me., a few weeks ago, and hit his head against a post. He did not know what to do, so he crawled under the platform and slept there all night. In the morning, he was found and carried to the saloon car. By and by, he got better and worked as usual with some bruises on his face. Elias, be very careful, or you will be knocked by the engine. Mr. Joshua Brackett, Jr., who has a deaf and dumb father, works on the M. C. R. R. with Elias Starrett.

Miss Laura Willey, who worked in Bangor for some time, went to Salem, Mass., a few weeks ago, where she got an offer from Mrs. Southwick to do housework.

Last Sunday, John Twombly hired a team, and rode out into the country with his lady. That lady is one of Joshua Brackett's daughter.

John Jarvis, whom we told about in our last letter, has returned home from Frederick, N. B. before the 4th of this month. He works eight hours per day now, and of course his wages are decreased. He reported that he had a very nice time in New Brunswick. His father would not let him go to Hartford, Conn., to improve his neglected education.

The Young Men's Christian Association, of Bangor, Me., sent five hundred invitations to the young men to attend a reception tendered of the Young Men's Association last Thursday evening. Messrs. Jarvis and Carlisle were the only deaf-mutes who got invitations. They both said that they had a very pleasant time there.

Recently we had a snow storm in Bangor, Me., lasting more than 13 hours, and it was more than one foot deep. But now it is fast thawing, as we are having a warm spell.

Business in Bangor is dull this fall. Fortunately all the mutes who live in Bangor, Me., have work as usual.

We noticed in a paper that Mr. W. O. Barnaby, of Frederick, N. B., went to St. John, N. B., to beg some money to build a school for the deaf-mutes in Frederick, N. B. Now, Barnaby and the other beggars from N. B., are really cheap. They are too lazy to work. They only pocket the commission or the whole money, when they go around and shirk some money for building the school for the mutes.

Why don't they go to England and get all they want? England is rich and able to help them itself. Last week, a youth, about 16 years old, showed us the paper stating that he was a deserving mute and wanted some money. We tried to talk with him by writing. We found out that he could neither write nor read. Then we tried to talk to him in the sign language and he could not understand it. By the guns, he was an impostor, and we wanted to kick him to the jail, but he sneaked away, and was never seen again. It is very mean and disgraceful to be an impostor. If we could only lay hands on him, we would make him think that he wished he was never born.

We will present any of the JOURNAL's readers with our check for one thousand dollars, payable in 1894, if they will send some patent to cut off the mute beggars, and five hundred dollars, payable in 1895, if they can invent some plan to smash the impostors up.

The general verdict in the United States is that the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is the best paper we ever had.

So we wish you success.

REDMAN.

Richmond, Va.

DEAR EDITOR:—I was in Baltimore on a visit last week, and had a pleasant time, and probably will go there to witness the "Oriole" in September next.

It is announced that the mother of John W. Michaels, who is a teacher at the Arkansas Institution, died last Tuesday morning, in this city.

Mr. Walter Vaughan, of Beaver Dam, Va., came to this city to witness the Democratic demonstration in honor of the election of Cleveland and Hendricks last Tuesday. There were eight thousand persons in line, the largest ever seen in this city.

I intend going to Washington to attend the inauguration of Mr. Cleveland on the 4th of March next, and also expect to visit the Columbia Institution.

Mrs. Cheatham's sister is boarding with her in Manchester, Va.

A deaf and dumb man went over to a job printing shop, where I am employed, to get some cards printed for himself, but failed. He said he was from New York.

J. H. HEEKE.

Scranton, Pa.

Hiram West has been in Scranton lately selling needles. He seems to be making lots of money. Wolfe Morris was much pleased to meet him and review old times, when they were schoolmates at the New York Institution. He is now in Wilkesbarre, on his way to Baltimore, where he will remain all winter.

J. F. Eiselo intends going to Elmira, N. Y., to visit his mute friends.

John McDonough well-known as "The Scranton Police boy," is working at Gany, Brown and Co's., again, a long sickness.

John Judge works with his father in the coal-mine. It is dangerous, for he is deaf and dumb. No mute should work in the mines, for they can't hear the crash if the falling rock.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

Four of the principal houses in Waynesburg, Pa., were burned.

THE Welland Canal will close for the season on the 30th inst.

A STRANGE epidemic is spreading among swine in the Molawk Valley.

A DRIVER for the Lehigh Valley Mine fell down a shaft 300 feet and was killed.

THE Maldi has from 15,000 to 20,000 men encamped around Khartoum. The British are advancing from Dongola.

THE French have made fierce attacks on towns and villages in Tonquin, in revenge for an attack made by the Tonquinese.

A DEFAUCATING bank cashier was shot at Monmouth, Ill., by a man who had sustained heavy losses through the failure of the bank.

LEON, the sixteen-year-old son of Warren Woodward, of Troy, N. D., hanged himself on Monday night in his room, while in a state of somnambulism.

THE high wind Sunday night seriously damaged the telegraph service throughout the country, preventing to a great extent the transmission of news dispatches.

THE last loaded boat of the season on the Delaware and Hudson Canal left Honesdale for Rondout at noon Monday. The total shipments by the canal for the season were 969,489 tons.

Two shocks of earthquake were experienced in various portions of New Hampshire on Sunday. At Concord large buildings were shaken and people awakened from their slumbers.

COMPLETE official returns of the cholera in the Province of Naples shows that there were 14,037 cases and 7,576 deaths, of which number 13,402 cases and 6,639 deaths were in the city of Naples.

Advices from India state that a terrible cyclone had visited the Madras Presidency, causing immense damage. The dykes of Choolavaram Lake were burst in many places, with the consequent effect of stopping the water supply of the city of Madras.

All the trains on the Sixth Avenue "L" road, for the first time this season, ran through to Harlem. Passengers for Fifty-eighth street were transferred at Fifth street. The plan worked so satisfactorily last year that it will be followed on all the Sundays of this winter.

THE Sanitary Commission of Paris has opened to hold daily sessions. The cholera epidemic is considered as an end. There were nineteen deaths from cholera in Paris on Tuesday. In the twelve hours ending at noon there were only three deaths. The publication of bulletins has been abandoned. At Oran during the forty-eight hours ending Tuesday there were eleven deaths from cholera.

At a demonstration in Paris last Sunday, many of the workmen and socialists who spoke advocated the massacre and robbery of the rich. Two of the speakers who advocated moderate views were kicked into the street. The shopkeepers in the vicinity of the meeting closed their places, fearing violence and pillage. The police were unable to disperse the assemblage, and were obliged to call on the military for aid.

PRIVATE advices from Japan say the army and navy of that country are being quietly but energetically put upon a war footing. There is no visible cause for the activity, but is naturally connected with the Franco-Chinese trouble. A private letter in this city from a Japanese official in Tokio states that his Government will soon call a conference of the foreign ministers at the capital to consider a proposed revision of nearly all the treaties between Japan and other powers.

A French

30th, at 7:30 p.m.

POLYGAMY IN UTAH.

SALT LAKE CITY, Nov. 5, 1884.

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL:

In a former letter, I mentioned a few facts concerning polygamy, one of the chief principles of religion of the Latter-Day Saints, as the members call themselves, or Mormons, as they are termed by the rest of the world. From the Book of Mormon, the Bible of the Saints, which was claimed to have been written by one of the Aboriginal prophets and law-givers of America, and lastly discovered in a dream by Joseph Smith, the founder of the sect. It may not be uninteresting to the readers of the JOURNAL to peruse an account of a polygamy trial which I witnessed in this city. The trial, which was full of sensational incidents, watched with the greatest interest by the Mormons as well as Gentiles for the reason that the United States Government had at length put out its long, powerful arm to grapple with the hydra-headed monster, Polygamy, and crush it out of existence as a foul stain upon the fair escutcheon of the Republic, which had once before wiped out its twin brother relic of barbarism, slavery. The National Government is averse to making war upon a people on account of a difference in religious belief, as such a course of extermination would be branded by posterity as a deed of horror and wickedness, equalled only by the atrocious persecution of the Hollander by the remorseless Duke of Alva and his fanatical minister, Philip of Spain. Our government proposes to deal with the Mormons strictly in a legal way—by the due process of law, not by brute force—as was done in the case of Rudger Clawson, a grandson of Brigham Young.

Clawson belongs to the wealthy and influential upper class of the Mormons, being connected by ties of blood and marriage with the various heads of the church. In the year 1882, he took unto himself as wife a respectable, highly educated young lady, the daughter of a rich Mormon, but hardly half a year had elapsed before the gay Lothario went through a secret marriage ceremony with another young lady, Lydia Spencer by name, and this while the law of Congress against polygamy was in force. It is said that the first wife vehemently protested against the second marriage, and appealed to her father, but was sternly repulsed with the remark that it was a part of her religion, and she must abide by it. The United States Prosecuting Attorney got wind of the affair, and Rudger Clawson was arraigned in court on the charge of polygamy, an offence against the laws of the United States, and as such, the case came under the jurisdiction of Chief Justice Zane, lately appointed by President Arthur, a man who could neither be intimidated by abuse or threats, nor swayed from the path of justice by praise or flattery. Even the most bitter Mormons were forced to admit his keen sense of justice and his admirable impartiality to them.

As all Mormons who believed in polygamy or practised it were excluded by the Edmunds law recently passed by Congress, from serving on a jury, the list of jurors was exhausted owing to the fact that the Gentiles were in a minority, and the defence challenged so many of them that only half a dozen men could be secured on the panel. In this dilemma, Chief Justice Zane believing that the provisions of the Edmunds law allowed a deviation from the regular *modus operandi*, issued an "open venire," that is, an order to the United States Marshal to go out upon the public highways and bring as many eligible jurors as he could find into the court, then and there to be empanelled into the jury if they were not challenged either by the prosecution or defence. The Mormons propose to test the constitutionality of this proceeding before the Supreme Court of the United States, where, strange as it may seem, they have often gained a victory over previous chief justices and prosecuting attorneys.

At last the jury was complete, and the trial proceeded. A cloud of witnesses were served with a subpoena and brought into court to testify what they knew concerning the polygamous marriage, but little or nothing could be elicited from them. Presidents Taylor and Cannon, the heads of the Church, were put upon the witness stand, but they swore they knew nothing of the second marriage, weren't present at it, and did not know who officiated at it. Being asked if a record of the marriages was kept by the Church authorities, they replied that they believed so, but did not know where it was kept. The same result was experienced with the other Mormon witnesses, who were evidently bent upon baffling the prosecution, and defying the majesty of the law. The constant replies, "I don't know," "Perhaps so," "I do not recollect," and others in the same strain, were becoming monotonous and exasperating, and the prosecuting lawyers lost their patience more than once. There was one conscientious witness, however, in the son of Hon. John T. Caine, the Mormon Delegate to Congress. The young saint acknowledged an important fact, viz., that, on a certain occasion, he asked the defendant after he had seen Lydia Spencer go several times into his private office, whether she was his wife, as rumor had it, and the reply of the defendant was in the affirmative. This was the only important link in the chain of evidence except the testimony of a nephew of Brigham Young to the effect that he had frequently seen the couple together, at home, at the theatre, at church, and on

the request and released the prisoner on bail, pending his decision as to whether there should be a new trial or not, and granted the defence nine days in which to file their exceptions. Here the case rests, but whatever the outcome of the trial may be, it was felt on all sides that a blow had been struck at polygamy, from which the system would find it difficult to recover. In the meantime, the prosecution is vigorously pushing other cases of polygamy through the judicial mill that grinds slowly, it is true, but exceeding fine, so as to leave no room for escape. The Mormons, like good, law-abiding citizens, seem to acquiesce in the situation with philosophical calmness.

While I am about it, I might as well describe some of the effects of polygamy, which have fallen under my own observation. I was invited to a party at the home of a "first wife," whose husband was away in Mexico on a mission, gone "without purse or scrip" as is the rule in the Mormon Church, a custom which I fancy few missionaries of other sects have the courage to follow out to the bitter end, enduring privations of all kinds, such as want of food and no place to rest their heads, etc. The evening passed away in dancing and other means of amusements. A dance peculiar to the Mormon community is called the Cotillion, in which one man trips the light fantastic toe with two women at the same time. The bishops and elders of the church always lead off in the dance with zest. They believe in innocent amusements of all kinds for the people. Brigham Young used to set the ball in motion by dancing first with his legal wife, and then with the other wives in succession, condescending even so far as to lend some of them to the most distinguished strangers present. Vice-President Coffey was honored in this way, on his visit to Salt Lake City. During all the evening of the party we did not see the second wife, nor did she once look into the room. She kept herself shut up in her own part of the house, for such is the great antipathy between the first and second wives. One side of the house is assigned to each, and the dutiful husband pays them a visit alternately, staying with each one week, or perhaps a month. A house divided against itself, as it were. It is not common for the polygamous wives to dwell together under the same roof, but one man may have as many homes as he has wives, scattered in the different parts of the city. Of course under this existing condition of things there can be no such thing as "home, sweet home," with all its sanctified joys of mutual confidence and happiness; no, these joys have fled forever, leaving the heart as well as hearth desolate and barren of domestic bliss. Who can wonder that the loving tenderness in a wife's heart turns to bitter hatred or utter deadness of feeling in regard to him who once was the object of the highest worship? Such was the case with the hostess of the party. While looking over the views of grand ancient Mexico (ancient as compared with the rest of America), which had been sent home by the Mormon Elder on his distant mission, I asked the lady incidentally if she was not glad that her husband, who had been absent for two years, was coming back so soon—in two months. To my surprise, she replied she wished he would stay away as long as he lived. Notice my surprise, she added that her love for him had changed to indifference ever since he took another wife, and that if it were not that he was the father of her children, she would hate him and go away. I saw and understood. She could not live and be happy within sight of the constant love and devotion which, hers by right, were lavished upon her younger and handsomer rival. It must have wrung her heart with the bitterness and despair of death, for, as Shakespeare has well put it, "hell hath no fury like a woman scorned."

Much as the Mormon ladies may believe in the holy origin of the "order of celestial marriage," as a measure necessary to the eternal well-being of themselves and their husband, yet the heart of woman rebels against the doctrine. In proof of this, it is a fact that the first wives of the leading men have left the Church in disgust and brought up their children away from the tenets of the religion. Brigham Young's first wife is a striking instance of this, and her son, the oldest of Brigham Young, namely Joseph Young, is to-day an apostate from the faith of his father, and his children have followed in his footsteps for only the other day, a fine-looking, spirited young man, came into my school-room and introduced himself to me as Walter S. Young, the grandson of Brigham Young, in lineal descent from his first wife, and in course of conversation, he informed me that he was not a Mormon. From a motive of curiosity, I ventured to ask him why he had left the Church, and he answered that he was led to take the step partly by the influence of his parents who had left the church, but more so from reading outside papers and books from which he was enabled to form an opinion. He attends the University as a student, and gives evidence of much intelligence.

I have frequently been asked, and naturally enough, if it was a part of my duty to instruct the pupils in the Mormon doctrines. In reply, I have this to say, that the school is a state institution and as such should be free from any religious bias, and in this view the President concurs with me. There is not the least danger that I should be compelled, in any event, to teach Mormonism, as there is Governor Murray appointed by Garfield, who is a sworn foe to the religion and has

repeatedly vetoed an appropriation of \$50,000 donated to the University by the Legislature, on the ground that the members of the Faculty were all Mormons and he wanted a hand in the appointment of the professors. The President, Dr. Park, though a Mormon in good standing, is not even a monogamist, at least in practice, but a bachelor, from choice or inclination. He assured me that, his Excellency to the contrary notwithstanding, not a particle of Mormonism is taught in the University, and that he never inquires into the belief of the students, and that he is quite aware of a goodly proportion of them are Gentiles or Non-Mormons. My own personal observation confirmed his statements. So it is likely enough that if it should come to the ears of the Executive that Mormonism is taught in the Deaf-Mute School, he would be certain to veto any more appropriations to that object. No one who has not lived here can understand the intense bitterness of feeling which exists between Mormon and Gentile. In the very citadel of that religion and between such opposing forces, it may well be imagined that the Principal's place at the Deaf-Mute School is by no means a bed of roses, and that the utmost skill and address are necessary in order to escape a collision with either powers. The Editor of the Salt Lake Tribune, Judge Goodwin, as well as other bitter Anti-Mormons, have given me the comforting assurance that as soon as I have trained some one, I shall be given my walking papers, and one of the brethren will take my place. He also informed me for my edification that I was not as well acquainted with the Mormons as he was. However that may be, I have faith in human nature in general and Mormon nature in particular, the more so as I have found the people kind, sympathetic and generous. It is my purpose to teach the broadest tenets of religion and enforce ideas of morality in the school, as without it, their education would be incomplete, and it would be ineffectually a gross piece of wrong to let them go without these moral safeguards, but I will leave to their parents the task of imparting their own religion to them at home. Dr. Park, whom I have found a very sensible man, ever ready to adopt the best methods of instruction, entirely approves of my decision and leaves the management of the school wholly in my hands. As has been seen, religion is not likely to be a disturbing element in the school. I believe in letting every other man's religion alone, and pursuing the even tenor of my way without troubling myself about such matters as lie between God and the human conscience. That is indeed the safest course under the circumstances.

The school promises to grow into a large institution in the course of a few years, as the deaf-mutes from the territories of New Mexico, Idaho and Montana, are anxious to be admitted. There is absolutely nobody else in the whole territory who knows anything about deaf-mute instruction. Even Dr. Park confessed he had no idea of it, and was therefore eager to learn all he could. It is quite amusing to notice the wonder and attention which the pupils receive from the people who pay the school a visit, and many were the blunders committed in the school-room. Some of the visitors began to ask the pupils all sort of questions upon matters with which they are totally unacquainted, and this, too, after the school had been established but three months. They see before them the result of the teacher's patient, laborious work, achieved only after weeks of constant drilling, and they forthwith imagine it is easy work, and that at such rate the pupils would be able to converse in a few months. Alas! they little know that it takes years and years for a deaf-mute to acquire anything like a respectable command of language.

The ages of the pupils range from twelve to twenty-five years, with as many different degrees of intellect, but on the whole, they compare favorably in quickness of perception and ability to learn as any other class of deaf-mutes elsewhere. There was a boy of thirteen, whose antics and shambling gait led people to term him an imbecile or an idiot, though his father is a man of influence in the Territory. When he was first brought to the school, his father anxiously asked if the boy could ever be taught, as he had previously a hearing teacher and been given up as incapable. I took the boy to the blackboard and set him to writing the names of a few objects. He wrote with difficulty, and seemed inclined to trace the letters backward like the Chinese, but did understand what the words stood for, and that satisfied me he was not an idiot and could be taught, though it would take time to transform him into a different being. His father and mother went home happier than they came. There was a prodigy of a different kind in the person of a young lady of twenty-two years of age, who mentally devoured everything that was taught her, reminding me of a fabled monster which swallowed whatever was given to it and wanted more. It took her only two weeks to learn what it would take another deaf-mute two years of hard study to attain. The intelligence of the pupils is not measured by the number of winters or summers which has passed over their heads. Sometimes the youngest is the brightest and the older the dullest, and vice versa.

What renders the teacher's position one of delicate responsibility, is the street, but the most important

links, i. e., the records and the presence of eye-witnesses at the ceremony were missing. The case went before the jury, and the result was a total failure on the part of the prosecution. The jury could not agree, eight being in favor of the verdict "guilty," and four for acquittal. The Mormons triumphed this time, and did not fail to give vent to their exultation at the discomfiture of the United States Government, for they were pitted against it. The Gentiles were bitterly disappointed, and were loud in expressing the opinion that the result of the trial had put the Territory of Utah half a century back.

But the end was not yet. No sooner was the trial ended and the result announced, than who should walk in to court under the charge of the deputy marshal but Lydia Spencer herself, who had mysteriously disappeared in the course of the trial and could not be found before. With a rare presence of mind, the U. S. Prosecuting Attorney leaped to his feet and demanded a new trial, on the ground that a most important witness who could not be found was now in court. The application was granted by Judge Zane after some opposition from the defendant's attorneys.

When the second trial commenced, the witness, Lydia Spencer, absolutely refused to testify, declining either to take the oath, or even to merely affirm. Here the case suddenly came to a standstill. The Judge now asked the witness if she refused to be sworn from conscientious scruples or would not take the oath under any circumstances whatever. To this query, the witness replied firmly "I decline to take the oath under any circumstances whatever." The Mormons applauded her firmness, and fondly predicted the failure of the prosecution. Thereupon the prosecuting attorney and his assistant arose, one after the other, and eloquently addressed before the court, in a long and impassioned harangue. Heretofore, as they informed his honor, who was a newcomer among them, and was not so well acquainted with the circumstances of the case, the punishment administered for contempt of court, for such the refusal of the witness to testify was regarded, was inflicted, according to the laws of the Territory which decrees but a fine of \$100 and five days in the jail, a penalty totally inadequate for the purpose, as several previous polygamous wives had gone to jail rejoicing, their fines paid by the church authorities, and came out with the halo of a martyr. The counsel argued that it was in the power of the court to apply the severer laws of the United States in this, as the United States were the prosecutors in this instance. His honor listened attentively, and seemed convinced of the truth of the argument. After some sparring between the counsel upon both sides, his honor arose, and in a solemn voice warned the witness of the danger of defying the laws of the nation, and exhorted her to give better heed to the consequences. In order to give her time for reflection, he said he would commit her to the charge of the U. S. Marshal for the night, and it was accordingly done. Much speculation was felt as to the course Lydia Spencer would take the next day, as it was known that the penalty of contempt in the statutes of the United States was a fine of \$500 and six or seven months in the Penitentiary, a term of confinement before which the stoutest men quailed. The Mormons passed the night in anxious forebodings. When the court reassembled, the next morning, a dense crowd, with a fair sprinkling of the ladies, filled the room, and it was with some difficulty that I could gain admission within the chance railing. Which I did, however, thanks to the influence of a friend. A sudden hush fell upon the audience when Lydin Spencer was put upon the witness stand. She was fair to look at, rather stout in person, but as one admiring Gentle expressed it, "worth going to the Pen' for," but this morning she was looking pale and haggard, evidently having passed a wretched night. A murmur of sympathy arose in the court-room, mingled perhaps with a muttered malediction on the religion which could thus debase the purest instincts of womanhood and inflict such misery upon the sex. The clerk of the court arose, and addressing the witness, asked: "Will you take the oath?" In a scarcely audible voice, she replied in the affirmative. Then the Latter-day Saints felt that it was all over with their cause, but they held their breath to hear what she would testify. She was accordingly sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth, nothing but the truth." The truth which lies buried at the bottom of a well, as the old saying has it, came out clear and distinct. Lydia Spencer confessed that she was married in the year 1883 to Rudger Clawson. With a delicacy for which the prosecuting attorney deserves credit, he forbore to question the witness further, especially as she was in a nervous state of excitement, and the Chief Justice said to her kindly, "You are free; and can leave the court room or stay as you please." The jury were out for but a few minutes, and the verdict was "guilty" upon both counts of the indictment, viz., polygamy and unlawful cohabitation. Now, it remained for the judge to administer the sentence which would have been six or eight years in the "Pen," as the Mormons call the Penitentiary for short, but the defendant's attorneys gave notice that they proposed to move for a new trial, on the ground of irregular proceedings in the present trial, and pleaded that in the meantime their client should be admitted to bail, in which plea they were manfully opposed by the prosecuting counsel, but his honor granted

network of polygamy which folds the pupils more or less in its meshes. There is not one of them but is connected in a close or distant relationship with the people in the city, or with hearing students of the University who are in the habit of dropping into the school-room now and then to see how their own "flesh and blood" are getting along. At present, no discipline is attempted nor has there any occasion arisen for it. Moral persuasion is the only means of enforcing obedience pursued, and it has been found to work well.

It seems as though polygamy breeds deafness for here we have several pupils from the same family, either brothers or sisters. One man is the father of six deaf-mute boys. This father's history is an excellent illustration of the sudden changes of fortune which have raised such men as Mackay of the Atlantic cable and Jas. Lick, the California millionaire, from the most abject poverty to fabulous wealth. The father of the six deaf-mutes was so poverty-stricken only four years ago that his family were many times on the point of starvation, and he hardly dared call the roof that sheltered him his own, and he went about in rags, he as well as his sons; but a mine which he owned suddenly proved very productive, yielding him so much as \$2,000 per day, and now the sun of prosperity shone upon him. He bought houses and lands right and left, liberally endowed the church in his native town and gave generally to the poor, like the rich nabob that he was. He even offered me double my salary and expenses if I would become tutor to his six boys; but I declined, from a conscientious scruple to deserting the school in its infancy.

It may interest Prof. Bell to know that his favorite theory of educating the deaf-mutes in connection with the public schools is undergoing a practical test in Salt Lake City, Utah. The deaf-mute pupils go to school in the same building as the students of the University, and share the same walks and the same playground. Already, I could notice several good results of this common intercourse with the hearing people of both sexes. The students have for the most part learned the finger alphabet, and converse daily with the pupils in school and out. The good effects upon the language of the pupils may be imagined from such close contact. It pleases me to observe that the pupils are gradually losing some of their suspecting sensitiveness and excessive bashfulness. Not once have I seen a rude look or insult addressed to them by the students; on the contrary, the greatest possible kindness and interest have been shown them. This considerate treatment of the most diffident of beings, for deaf-mutes are such, can not but exert a beneficial influence upon their habits and manners, rendering them more sociable and less clamorous, inspiring them with confidence enough to hold their heads as high as their fellows. Above all, such a personal contact inspires a warm feeling of humanity on the part of the deaf-mutes, that half redeems them from their misfortune. The presence of the hearing people exerts a salutary restraint upon the passions and uncouth expressions or gestures of the pupils, putting them always upon their guard, thus teaching them to exercise the art of self-control, an important quality, which is wanting in the majority of deaf-mutes. Who can doubt that such influences will make finished ladies and gentlemen of the pupils? It is of no use to conceal from ourselves the fact that deaf-mutes as a class are the most sensitive of human beings, and none need wonder that such is the case when the common bond of sympathy, the human voice, is severed from them. One important method of conquering it is to cultivate a feeling of indifference so far as possible, to take no notice of what is being said, and to follow Lord Chesterfield's advice, never to fancy a man insults you until he knocks you down. H. W.

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